G. K. CHESTERTON FLAYS THE TURK AND LLOYD GEORGE

Calls the Turk Unpatriotic and an Alien Even in Constantinople and Accuses New British Premier of Being Prussian at Heart—He Also Defines the Modern Notion of a Christian

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON has been called the laziest man now living. There are wonderful legends which one picks up around London of how he will never take a step on his own feet but must always have a hansom or a taxi to bear him to his destination. There is that perfect story of how in the old days when he lived in London and before he left the beloved city to reside at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, he would take a hansom from the office of the *Daily News* to his favorite public house a few doors down the street, where he would meet Hilaire Belloc and other friends, keep the hansom waiting several hours while he discussed and argued about the affairs of the universe, and then take the hansom back again to the office of the *Daily News!*

But Bernard Shaw has had the audacity to declare that he has seen Mr. Chesterton walking in Fleet street, "at least one-half of his gigantic person always out of sight," so apparently Mr. Chesterton has the right, though a minor right, to the title of a peripatetic philosopher.

Still, though he may give people the impression of being a very lazy man, and although he is always announcing the fact that he is a very lazy man, he succeeds in getting through an enormous amount of work each day. Heaven knows how many articles he writes a day; one suspects at least five or six, not to mention poems and the caricatures he draws of his friends.

When I saw him he was taking his morning exercise by rocking in his chair in his garden, a very delightful garden with a very delightful gardener in charge, and he was able to give me a half hour in which to extract as many Chestertonian paradoxes as possible on the subject of the Turks before he left for London to take up work at the editorial desk. For Gilbert Chesterton has now added the work of being an editor to his other labors, and has taken the place of his brother Cecil, who has gone to the great war, and now presides over the destinies of that audacious weekly the *New Witness*.

It was difficult, in one sense, to interview Mr. Chesterton on the subject of the Turk. Not that he didn't have a great deal to say about the Turk but because he had so many things to say about everything else as well.

You might start discussing the Turk with Mr. Chesterton, but you were at any moment liable to find yourself involved in a violent discussion about the value of mothers-in-law. And exactly how mothers-in-law came into the discussion you will never know. They just hopped into the conversation as any other person or thing might hop in. But enough of this introductory matter!

I simply said to Mr. Chesterton: "Won't you please say something about the Turk?" Mr. Chesterton said that he would be glad to say something about the Turk. And this is what he said:

"If I visit a country that I have never visited before and want to find out something about its inhabitants I go to the place where its inhabitants drink. I go to the public house. What a very fine poetic phrase 'public house' is! It is one of the most beautiful phrases in the English language; though when I told a gathering of Socialists that this was so not long since they all laughed at me.

"Why the people who want to turn every house into a public house should laugh at such a statement I have never been able to understand. In the public house one finds the people really as a people, and one can in its democratic atmosphere learn of them and their habits. I believe that the Turks have no public houses, which is probably one of the reasons why they live under a despotism.

"Baffled in this direction the next best thing to do to understand a people is to learn of the popular legends about them. In these one finds more truth than in a thousand books about them. These legends are the best guides to good sense. Proverbs are always nearer the truth than they look.

"No man, for instance, until he has a dog of his own knows how true are such old phrases as 'the dog in the manger' or 'let a sleeping dog lie.' The echo of such ancient popular phrases is especially valuable in the case of ancient words whose meaning is now disputed; such as the word 'Christian.'

"Of course we all know that that German madman Nietzsche said that there was one Christian and that He was crucified; and some of the higher critics seem to have little with which to improve on this except by suggesting that perhaps He wasn't. This situation really turns the Christians into a totally new sect with all sorts of new dogmas totally unknown to Christendom. In at least half the American and British press to-day the word Christian clearly has a sense quite vivid to those who use it, but which those with other sympathies, like myself, could only translate as something between 'cosmopolitan' and 'meliorist,' with a touch of 'Quaker.'

"Now, if turning from the use of the word by an aristocrat like Tolstoy and capitalists like the Quakers, we ask ourselves how the word Christian is used by old tradition among applewomen and charwomen and draymen and dustmen we shall find something that will surprise the eccentrics very much. We shall find that the democracy uses the word Christian in a sense which we can only say is something between 'sane' and 'civilized.' 'Where can I get Christian food?' and 'when I get among Christian folks' are common phrases in all the old popular talk and legends, in no way concerned with religion.

"The broad fact is that the word Christian is generally used by the populace in a sense meaning that which is human, normal, social and self-respecting. Thus the modern idealist, having put away war and wine, will wear peasant clothes in imitation of Tolstoy and walk shining with Christian democracy. And the democracy will look at him and say, 'Why can't he dress like a Christian?'

"Now just as I believe in putting this sort of preliminary popular test to the word Christian, I should put a similar popular test to the significance of the word Turk. What does common language and quotation suggest that our fathers felt about a Turk, in the sense that they felt Christian to mean the civilization in which they were equally recognized and were at home? If you had said to any typical Englishman, for instance, at any time from Robin Hood to Thomas Hood, 'I want to introduce you to a Turk,' what would have been the image in his mind?

"I think that the very first note he would have struck would have been struck correctly; that is, the identification of the Turkish people with their faith. I might rest such an assertion on one of the old ballads in which the Turkish knight is represented as worshipping Mahomet with a rabid regularity and consistency by no means emerging so clearly in the Christianity of his opponent. In some of the longer ballads of the Dark Ages, Mahomet melted into a combination of Apollo and Apollyon, calculated to make the mythological brain reel. But all these popular errors are no longer popular.

"A better instance can be found in the passage in the Anglican Prayer Book, where the name of Mahomet occurs in none of its forms—not even. Liberal Anglicans will be annoyed to learn, in the Calendar of Saints!—but where strictly spiritual errors are summed up under the head of 'Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics.' In cold theology, undoubtedly all could have been conveyed by simply saying 'infidels and heretics.' But two of the most powerful and picturesque realities this world has ever seen forced themselves like wedges between the words of that sentence.

"The Jews were the absorbing problem inside Christendom. The Turks were the absorbing problem outside Christendom. The former problem was economic; the second was military. But it is certainly a tribute to two great religions that they have to be especially mentioned in an Elizabethan definition which would, logically speaking, have covered them completely.

"So one thing at least is clear about our fathers when they talked about Turks: they knew that there was another great religion in the world.

"The next idea about the Turks that emerges everywhere in popular expression is the idea of his despotism. The eighteenth century contained many crowned heads in Europe that were absolute in every apparent sense. The atheist Emperor of Austria, the atheist Empress of Russia, the atheist King of Prussia were all sovereigns who in the most literal and logical sense of the word neither feared God nor regarded man. And yet throughout this period of autocracy we have plenty of proof that the Turk was felt to be absolute and irresponsible in a sense utterly beyond the European.

"Phrases like 'as despotic as the Grand Turk' are thickly scattered over the whole of that period when Europe itself was ruled by all that Europeans have ever experienced as despotism. Right or wrong, the popular idea plainly was that in the west the rulers could make a scourge out of wild rods, but that you had to live in the east to make a whip out of scorpions.

"And there went along with this in popular language a strong impression that the Turks was not fierce merely, but ferocious. Now, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Irishmen were all very fierce on occasion. Even Englishmen were fierce on occasion. But through a thousand legends there lingers the idea that the Turk was really terrible and atrocious.

"I do not profess at this point to have proved anything to you except that a certain suspicion of one society was very widely distributed through another, and crops up after centuries in the weirdest way. That suspicion I am quite willing to admit may have been one sided. But there is one thing about it, and that is that it was not sectional. The East was East and the West was West; but it was the whole blooming democracy of the West that held this suspicion. One-half of the world did not know how the other half lived; but the half was the whole half.

"And the impression left upon the millions, rich and poor, seems to have rightly amounted to these three things: That a Turk was a man with a strange religion; that a Turk was arbitrary beyond the common sin of kings; and that a Turk was uncivilized. Now this is just as much of the popular tradition as we can get. And I am inclined to think that it is as much of the truth as we can get.

"In short, I am quite willing to defend, in case you should want to debate the question with me, the following very unfashionable opinion: First, that the Turk has ultimately failed because his religion is false. Secondly, that he has failed because his politics were and are imperial. And thirdly, that he has failed because his imperialism is not only in its nature uncivilized but in its nature uncivilizable.

"At the time of the last Balkan wars, when, after defeating Turkey, the Balkan States started fighting among themselves, many people spoke about the continual carnage in the Balkans. They were rather inclined to take up the argument that as much blood had been shed by Serbians fighting Bulgarians, say, as was shed by Turks massacring Armenians.

"The fundamental answer to all this is that bloodshed has not been the crime of the Turk at all. If anything, it has been his plea in mitigation. There is this fundamental answer for any one with a sense of dignity and delicacy: That the most bestial battle is mutual, while the mildest massacre is not mutual.

"But the vital matter is the mistake these people make about the true failure of Turkey. For Turks were always courageous and cruel, and it is in no sense outside human psychology that their rivals could sometimes be equally cruel. The existence of courage gives us no reason at all for retaining the Turk in Europe. The existence of cruelty gives us no reason at all for deserting either the Rumanians or the Serbians when they fight the Turk. The whole difference lies much deeper, and whether the modern world likes it or not, it is the difference of religion.

"The Christian enthusiasts who said that Mahomet was Antichrist were neither narrow nor irrational. Nor were they doing the great prophet any moral wrong. It was always a part of the legend of Antichrist that he should shine with all the heathen virtues, and especially the austere ones.

"But the vital respect in which Mahomet may really be taken as a sort of type of Antichrist is this: That his whole faith is founded on a furious denial of the idea of Incarnation. This is the key to the Turk everywhere and in everything.

"For this reason he goes to war with statues and slays them like living foes. For this reason, with all his culture in mathematics and medicine, he would sometimes, like the Caliph Omar, fly into a mystical passion and utter in flame his fury even against books. For this reason he will have no human or animal form in his most ornate designs. The thing that is really at the base of all Turkey's massacres can be seen by staring at a Turkey carpet.

"Lastly, it is this which has prevented the Turk from being a ruler as well as a conqueror of men; it is this much more than his cruelty. That which he would call the hatred of idolatry, and which I call his horror and his fear of Incarnation, forbids him to fix even his lesser affections upon sacred things—images, sacred arts, sacred individuals. Of necessity, therefore, it makes him colder than other men to the idea of sacred stones and of sacred soils.

"Hence his grasp has always slipped on the great fundamental fact of all political order or fellowship, and the rational root of government. For the fundamental fact is land; the good red earth of which we men are made.

"The true comparison between the Turk and, let us say, the Serbian is not to be found by counting heads when they are broken or noses when they are cut off, especially among armed populaces inflamed by centuries of shame and terror. The fundamental fact to start with is that the Serbians care for Serbia but that the Turk does not care about Turkey. At the most he cares about being a Turk. And even that, of course, can be more correctly stated by saying that he cares about being a Moslem or true believer.

"The quarrel is incurably a religious one, not only because his creed differs from our creed, but because he differs from us in having nothing else but a creed. It is the very essence of the idea of Incarnation that it believes in relics, in bodily and materialistic forms of grace, and among others, in the mode of locality and landscape.

"It is not a mere coincidence that the Crusaders, the revolutions against Islam that shook but never broke it, were not merely for the imposition of a system but the recovery of a site. The sense of the sanctity of land was crystallized in the conception of the Holy Land. And the sense of the local genius and the local shrine shines through all the drifting ambitions of the Middle Ages and softens the strangest usurpations with the magic of nationality.

"Charlemagne was a Frenchman before there was any France, and a hundred German professors have died in agony trying to make us call him Karl. Alfred could not or would not make Wessex England. But he made Wessex English. Robert Bruce was not in the modern sense a Scotsman at all. But though he was not a Scotsman he was a Scots patriot. He felt in his big bones all those generations of narrow and noble nationalists who were to brag of his name.

"William the Conqueror slipped often enough in the slime and mud of the earlier and more brutal Middle Ages, as he slipped on the shore of Sussex when he landed from his ship. But he had this instinct of the sacrament of the soil, for he arose with his hands full of earth and said that it was his land. That is why his monarchy struck root like an English oak, and in a little time had forgotten France. But when the Turk has rearisen in his splendid resurrections there was never anything that stuck to his hands but blood.

"All this, of course, is exhibited in the gigantic parody of imperialism by which we have been warned in the Turk. The Turk wants all his subject peoples to belong to him altogether; he never has had the slightest desire to belong to them at all. He wanted the great Black Mountains like an Eastern cap, and the great Greek Islands like the fringe of an Eastern robe. But he wanted everybody to remember that the body is more than the raiment, and the Turk more than his subjects.

"He was so satisfied with being a Turk that he never made any Turkey. When in his heroic retreat from Vienna he barred himself behind the gates of Constantinople he had taken refuge in a foreign city. And now he shall not even have that foreign city left to him. The imperialists, like the Turks, are aliens everywhere. They must move from place to place. Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark, because he removes his own.

"I think that it is an injustice to the Turks to say that they are unprogressive. I think that they have always believed in progress, especially westward. I think that they have always sought progress—their own progress. Their very symbol is a symbol of progress, the crescent, the growing thing. But they swore by the moon, the inconstant moon. And the waxing crescent did what progressive things always do. It waned."

At this point, although Mr. Chesterton was quite willing to go on talking about the crimes and idiocies of Turkey for an indefinite period, I halted him and asked him, as I had only a little time before I caught my train, would he please say one or two words on the subject of the new Government, and especially Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Chesterton gladly consented, as Mr. Lloyd George has been one of the Chestertonian betes noires for years.

"There has been too much talk about people who did or did not foresee the war," he said. "Such prediction is generally an accident when it concerns the final decision of men in doubt. There is no credit in guessing right, and the discredit is not in guessing wrong, but in guessing at all.

"There is no real power of conjecture about which way a cat will jump, nor do we blame any one for not knowing whether the treacherous wildcat of the Teutonic forest would in any moment make its spring or no. What was and is important is to know that it is a wildcat, or rather a witch's cat. What is important is to know the moral substance of things, and especially the moral canons upon which we mean to act toward them whatever they may do.

"Now, neither I nor any of my friends and colleagues ever thought or said at any time, as Mr. Lloyd George did, that modern Germany was a great and friendly country. We always thought and said that it was a witch's cat or, in other words, a devil's instrument. I want to lay particular stress on the fact that I am anti-German now because I have always been anti-German, and especially throughout the time that Mr. Lloyd George and most of his followers were passionately pro-German.

"My claim is that my case against Prussia has been a consistent and fundamental case, that I applied its principles in peace as much as in war and pleaded for its application to other countries as much as to my own country. I denounced the Prussian professor long before there was any reason for denouncing the Prussian pirate.

"At the time when English colleges taught Teutonism as calmly as trigonometry I declined to be driven by some genealogical muddle about a cousin-German into opening arms to a German cousin. When Germany was vaguely venerated by everybody as leading the way in social reform I pointed out that it led to nothing except the slave market. When the German type of thought was accepted in current culture as a stride toward superhumanity I always recorded my opinion that it was a relapse into savagery. In a word, I have a right to approve being at war with Prussia, for I have always been at war with Prussianism.

"Now it is precisely on this point of real and reasoned anti-Germanism that I find myself at the beginning of this new year in flat opposition to the new regime. It is an important point, and it is in a real sense due to the new Premier to emphasize it. For it is one of the points on which he has been not only clear but consistent.

"Mr. Lloyd George has given surprises enough and much of his energy has been consumed in turning some assaults. He has passed from the primmest local Puritanism to the very flashiest cosmopolitan speculation. It was once paraded before us as the man who would reduce armaments. He has since been paraded rather as the man who invented armaments.

"He nearly broke up a Ministry for making war, and now he has broken it up for not making war enough. But it is only just to him to say that upon one point he has had a continuous policy and upon one point he has given us fair warning.

"At the moment when he swerved most spontaneously carried away by the crusade for European liberty he went out of his way to give a special testimonial to German slavery. With conspicuous frankness he publicly proclaimed his unshaken admiration and envy for the way in which the German Government polices or rather dragoons the working classes. Of his intentions or necessities in this respect there is no discussion; he has dealt with us English openly. He may be a repentant pacifist, but he is the one quite unrepentant Prussianist.

"He elaborately explained that before the war there were two Germanies; nor did he mean, as many would quite reasonably mean, that the new Germany of spies and inspectors was worse than the old German of folk song and forest romance. He meant very nearly the opposite. What fascinates him is not the German folk song but the German factory. It was the Germany of industry, science and social reform to which he confessed his debt and renewed his loyalty. It was only Germany of bullet and bayonet which he even pretended to deprecate.

"Now we should say at once that the bullet and bayonet are by far the most reputable part of a disreputable business. If men are to be beaten and humiliated by other men, herded like cattle and set blindly to work like wheels, it is far better that they should suffer these things for the profit of the land to which they belong as men than for the profit of the employer to whom they can only belong as slaves. A man dying merely for the Kaiser is at least a more dignified figure than a man merely living for the Krupps. Therefore we sincerely thank Mr. Lloyd George for having at least made it clear in what world he was and will continue to be prominent man, for it happens to be the worst way of all.

"It is here that the new year finds the English people committed to an adventure and possibly to a hundred adventure. In so far as Mr. Lloyd George now sincerely contemplates the conquest of Germany, let him go on in God's name. I shall not grudge him the credit. But if he completes the conquest of England we must tell him politely that the rest shall not be uncontested.

"If he really thinks that a few millionaires that he has added to his cabinet will dry up the mud of the Somme, let us hope that he may. But if modern millionaires are the men he trusts to cleanse the Augean stables of English industrialism I feel to inform him that although brooms may sweep clean they are no use when they are dirty brooms.

"What is now in England already against us with gigantic strength is a very simple thing. It is slavery. It does not mean tyranny of law or even economic injustice. It means what it says. It means positive human institution such as existed in old Virginia.

"It means the enrolment of a regular supply of compulsory labor, the creation of a class possibly comfortable, possibly contented, but certainly inferior and certainly not free. When I say to fight this as we fight Prussianism my meaning is as precise and practical.

"Many who have murmured more or less naturally against Prussianism in England to-day have meant by it any sort of military interference or severity; but this meaning is intimate, is much more local. The Terror in France, for instance, was a dictatorship, but it was not a Prussian; it was as French a thing as ever flourished. The true Prussian peculiarity is not making the citizen despot in a desperate time, but making the subject, and especially a class of subject, a serf even in normal times.

"This is German social reform; this is why Mr. Lloyd George admires it. This is as Prussian as his insurance act, by which he forces a man to sell his birthright for a mess of physic. This is as Prussian as his new proposals for handing over or that to the State—but always a State fully controlled by capitalists like Mond and Davenport, whom Mr. Lloyd George has gathered about him in his new Ministry, just as the German State is controlled by capitalists like Ballin and Krupp.

"This is what some are so pleased to call socialism, and it is very German socialism. But whether they call it socialism or slavery the matter to which I am wholly indifferent. I know exactly what it means and what it does; I can see the arguments for it as well as the arguments against it; I can define it, I can define it, and, please God, I can fight it to the very last."

LEMUEL WRITES OF GETTING FROM HERE TO THERE IN NEW YORK

He Finds All of the City's Methods of Travel Interesting, but Is Particularly Delighted With the Subway and the Untamed Taxi

By ROY K. MOULTON.

NEW YORK, February 10.

DEAR BUDDY: New York people don't have to go away from home when they want to travel. There is enough travelling right in town to keep the average man busy for an average lifetime. To a cornfed boob like myself this is a constant source of wonder.

You can travel on the surface, underground or in the air, depending largely on where you want to go. If there is such a crowd that you can't go where you want to, you go somewhere else and say nothing. You develop a very comfortable stoicism in that respect after you have lived here a while.

The subway is the great leveller of classes. In the subway there is no aristocracy, no middle class and no proletariat. It is the melting pot or the metropolis. They tell me this is particularly true in the summer.

It has a distinct atmosphere, and even by the wildest flight of the imagination one could hardly call it the odor of sanctity.

A man's success as a subway passenger depends largely upon his physical prowess. I imagine a good centre rush could almost reach the acme of accomplishment and could get on and off at the desired stations if he wore his helmet, breast protector and shin guards.

Successful subway riding is almost entirely a matter of personality. A man has got to make good at it personally. In that regard it is about the same as everything else here. A man has got to look out for himself.

When you come here, Buddy, you will not find anybody strewing any roses in your path and crying hallelujahs in your honor. It won't make you round shouldered to carry the medals they pin on your breast.

Nobody is going to step aside and wait for you to go by. If you are a good hurdler and are not particular as to whose face you step on you will get ahead in New York.

He who hesitates is bossed.

And still, in a way, they are polite here. They do not insist that you take a seat. They will let you stand up if you want to, or if you choose to dangle in midair at the end of a strap the privilege is yours.

The subway is the greatest place in the world to study human nature at close range. If the range gets too close and your perspective is ruined the only thing to do is to take the matter philosophically and try again some other trip.

The people of this town delight in saying mean things about this system. Knocking the subway is the most popular indoor and outdoor sport. It is the unfailing topic of conversation.

The first thing a New Yorker will say to you will be something concerning the state of the weather. The weather will be "very fine" or "very rotten." That's one thing about the weather here. When it is good it is very, very good and when it is bad it is horrid.

I asked the clerk in the hotel what the mean temperature of New York is and he replied: "It's all mean." It may be, however, that he spoke with a slight touch of bias. I notice that all hotel clerks are slightly inclined to the cynical view.

Well, the New Yorker will say "It's a very fine day" or "It's a very rotten day."

Then all you have got to do is to wait about three seconds and his inevitable second remark will come bubbling forth. He makes it without thinking and it seems to be entirely automatic.

"Isn't the subway fierce these days?"

It seems to be an obsession. A new York friend of mine took me to the theatre the other evening. Right in the middle of an intensely dramatic scene, where the wife confessed to her husband her love for the hired man and all eyes and ears were strained to take in the developments of the plot, my friend said:

"Gosh! I don't know what we are ever going to do about the subway. It's awful."

Ordinarily when a crowd files out of a theatre it discusses the play. In New York it is different. A crowd leaving the theatre discusses the subway. Scraps of subway criticism run something like this:

"Why, do you know it took me——"

"George didn't get home until——"

"There were three of us grabbing for one strap and——"

"And he says to me, 'Take the next train, lady,' and——"

"Honest, Madge, I was squashed and I looked like——"

Personally I have nothing against this railroad. In fact, I enjoy it immensely. That is because I don't have to ride on it. I live down town and can walk almost anywhere I want to go.

I don't see what the New York men are kicking about. The subway offers them the finest little alibi in the world when they have stayed down town to engage in that insidious but enticing game called "hiding the brew" and get home an hour or two late. All they need to say is:

"Sorry, m'dear, but it was the fault of the subway."

Every woman in New York will believe anything about the subway—unless it is something good.

There are millions of men out in the Western towns who would give anything in the world for a subway alibi.

There are many good things to be said about the system. It has saved me a good deal of money in several ways. When I want to go anywhere I think of the subway and then decide to walk, thereby saving a nickel. When I have avoided the subway twenty times I have saved a dollar. Of course a dollar is an insignificant bit of currency, but a person can manage to scrape along if he has enough of them. In this way I believe the subway has done more to promote thrift than any other institution in America.

Then, again, if I feel as though I need a massage or an osteopathic treatment I can get either one or both for a nickel. All I have to do is to take a long breath and crawl into the subway, and the crowd does the rest. The combination elbow massage and Turkish bath which one gets is invaluable for the reduction of superfluous flesh.

If it were not for the facts that there is no air to breathe, no place to sit down and little or no variation of scenery riding on this railroad would not be so bad.

Of course one can't expect much for a nickel, but in this case it seems to be out of style to expect anything.

In one way, however, the generosity of the subway is unbounded. For a nickel a man can ride until he feels starvation beginning to set in. If a man were a deep sea diver and could get along practically without air and if he knew where to change cars he could ride from now until the time Bryan is elected President for the sum of five cents, but if he were a man of any breadth of purpose or keenness of mental vision he could probably find some place where he could spend his time to better advantage.

Mr. Shonts, who is the managing editor of this railroad, has asked the public for suggestions as to how the subway might be made better, more enjoyable or more comfortable, as it were. There is, so far as I can see, only one thing to do to improve the subway, and that is to dig it up, place it on the surface and increase the number of tracks from four to fourteen.

Of course if the subway were removed from the ground it would lose what might be called its personality, but I feel sure the people would be willing to forego considerable of tradition if only the change would improve the artistic temperament of the institution.

One of the ambitions of my young life is to see a subway motorman. I know he must exist, but I have never yet obtained even a fleeting glimpse of him. I have pictured in my mind a bat eyed individual who can distinguish nothing but red, green and white lights and who would be absolutely blind if ever permitted to crawl out into the light of day.

He must be able to save a lot of money, for he never stops anywhere long enough to spend a cent. The only job I can imagine as comparable with his for pure monotony is that of telegraph editor of a morning newspaper. A subway motorman can dive and stay under longer than a German U-boat.

The only possible advantage I can see is this: If a cyclone ever struck New York he would already be in the cellar. Also he is middling difficult for creditors to catch, but this hardly enters into the argument at all, for he is never on top of the ground long enough to obtain credit.

The guards I have met and conversed with are pleasant enough gentlemen, but they seem to have rather a pessimistic slant on life in general, and one can hardly blame them, for they see life in its worst mood. People never register joy in the subway.

I have seen only one man laugh outright in a subway train, and that happened one morning when a guard slammed the door on his own fingers.

But there are other ways to travel, Buddy—many other ways. There are the elevated systems, which try to run their trains on time, also on the track, and frequently have some difficulty in performing both feats simultaneously.

If you are intensely interested in finding out how the other half lives the elevated is the thing to ride on. Domestic life, ideal and profane, is revealed through the windows immediately abutting on the elevated tracks. In the summer you may see nine or ten miles of women drying their hair and an equal number of miles of husbands drinking some foamy substance out of tin buckets. The majority of families along the various elevated roads believe in keeping the passengers entertained even in winter. They do not pull down the shades. They are not at all stingy.

New York life is an open book to the traveller on the elevated. If you don't care to get anywhere in particular—if you have no objective at all and don't care how long it takes you to reach it—the thing to do is to ride on the surface cars.

I have often wondered why they have them. Nobody pays the slightest attention to them. They are noticed only as barriers when you are in a hurry to get across the street. They just kick around underfoot like the toy trains you give the baby for Christmas. In fact there was a strike on the surface lines last fall and very few people found out anything about it until the settlement was announced.

Still for pure comfort the surface cars are there with the goods. You can climb into one of them and go to sleep. After what seems like a good night's rest you can wake up and still ride for an hour or so before reaching your destination. If they were converted into sleepers with Pullman berths I think they would enjoy a considerable patronage.

I was on one of these cars out in the vicinity of 110th street the other day. There was an old gentleman with long flowing whiskers in the seat with me. A woman inquired of the conductor the location of Grant's Tomb. The conductor told her.

"What Grant was she talking about?" asked the old gentleman.

"General U. S. Grant," I replied.

"For land sakes!" said the old man. "I didn't know he was dead."

It seems the old party had boarded the car away down near the Battery to come up town, and while he had been en route much had happened unknown to him. He said they stood in front of the Hotel McAlpin nearly all the time it was being built.

You can get more ride for a nickel on the surface cars than on any of the other lines. That is to say, you can ride longer—not further.

If a man lives out in the 130s and goes home on a surface car he finds that his wife has obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion and has married somebody else. It is one of the approved methods of shifting family responsibility. Thus a man may outrip or outwinkle Rip Van Winkle, as the case may be.

There is another method of getting from place to place. It is by means of an institution that you don't know anything about and probably never will know anything about. The long sought solution of the problem of perpetual motion is found in the taxicab clock. The only thing to which I can compare it for pure persistency of purpose and devilish attention to business is the gas meter. It is the most faithful mechanical servant ever invented.

The other day a taxicab was smashed into kindling wood in a collision, the engine was put out of business and the driver and passenger hurled to the pavement. Thirty-six hours afterward the taxicab clock was found in an areaway a block distant, whither it had been hurled by the force of the collision, and it was still cheerfully ticking up its bill against the passenger, who was in the hospital.

They tell time only indifferently, but they tell price with deadly accuracy.

You find taxicabs everywhere except in the subway and on roof gardens. Every time you want to cross the street all the taxicabs in New York are directly in your path. The plague of grasshoppers was by comparison an event not worth mentioning. Taxis in their multitudinous aspect can be likened only to microbes.

The first two weeks you are here, Buddy, you will be riding in all these things except the taxicabs, and after that you will be staying in your room with a towel tied tightly about your head and trying to think of some new way to corral a job.

Travelling for pleasure in New York is a habit which quickly disappears. You are willing to try anything in that line once, but after you have tried it once you are willing to let George do it.

Have received all your letters telling me what you are going to do in New York, and I am hoping you will be here to startle the natives soon. They haven't had a new sensation for several days. But you are coming at the wrong time of the year to set the Hudson River afire. There is ice in it.

Give my regards to the checker players back of the stove in Tibbitts's general store. Yours, LEM.

P. S.—Bring a crowbar and a stick of dynamite with you. You will need them when you try to make a place for yourself in the vital statistics of this town.